

BRANDON MAIL.

City Ripples.

A TRIOLET.

I heard a robin chirp to-day;
There's scarce another sign of spring,
But straight I felt as though it was May,
I heard a robin chirp to-day.

It was a sweet sound than any lay
That full-voiced, summer songsters sing,
I heard a robin chirp to-day;
There's scarce another sign of spring.

Major Stewart left for Regina last night.

The scavenger was fined one dollar and costs this week.

Mrs. J. Bradley, of Elkhorn, is visiting her brother Mr. J. B. Frazer.

Rev. W. Omond and wife, of Plum Creek, visited Brandon on Friday.

Mr. Hugh Mann, brother of the railway contractor, was in the city on Thursday.

The C. P. R. S. S. branch is now laying the rails laid between Souris and Minto.

Mr. Forrest, engineer of the N.W.C., arrived from the east on Thursday evening.

Mr. Quinn went to Carberry on Thursday to organize a lodge of the Orange Brotherhood.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will have a social on the evening of May 1st at the church.

The Northern Pacific are contracting freight for May 10th. Trunk-layers are now busy east of the city.

Major Stewart, contractor of the experimental buildings and ironware, arrived and have started operations.

The Canadian Order of Foresters held their election of officers on Thursday evening. Installation and supper May 6th.

The branch of the Northern Pacific was held in the city for the first time last night. The audience will be seen near the sal.

Mr. Elliot of Brandon, was in the city on Thursday. He says spring is well advanced in Manitoba, the soil having been well up.

S. F. Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Co., arrived in Brandon Thursday evening for Portage and will return shortly with his brother.

Brander was informed yesterday Friday evening at the house of Mr. W. H. Irvin, by the Rev. A. Amphlett, The Judge is dead.

Detention Justice visited Plum Creek this week and in his report the hotel will inspect all before from Portage west to Brandon and May 4th.

Mr. J. de McMillan, who has been here with a carload of horses from the east, is well satisfied with his trip.

A game of football was played last evening on the old horse race track, between the Indians and intermediate, with three goals for the Indians.

Mr. Christie has received word that the logs are moving on both the Birdtail and Saskatchewan rivers and that the prospects are good for the timber to be arrived in Brandon.

It rained heavily on Thursday night from about 8 o'clock to 11 when the wind turned to the north and snow fell to the depth of a couple of inches.

Tate Bushell has a new refrigerator just put in from the Automatic Refrigerator company, Ottawa. It is warranted to keep food fresh for two weeks, in the bitter weather.

Three sets of plates have been made for the new Imperial Bank building. They will be forwarded to Toronto for approval. It is possible that the property will be enlarged both on River and 10th Sts.

The race meeting of the Brandon Turf Club is announced for the 26th of May, on the driving park. There will be \$6000 offered in prizes, and some of Manitoba's best horses will compete.

The members of Company A of the Ninety fifth regt. to give a presented concert in the school on the evening of May 15. The band will be in attendance and refreshments will be served. Funds will be given later.

The Methodist church is being thoroughly overhauled and renovated. It will have an increased seating capacity and be made as comfortable as most churchs in America, when completed.

Mr. Allen Huber, owner of the Oak Knitting factory, spent a couple of days in the city this week and took a large number of orders. He has great hope for the future of Brandon.

Mr. F. R. Strom is having a large sale in his property on Lupton Ave., also on 6th street.

Mr. Louis S. Cole, who returned from Ireland recently, brought for his half sister a beautiful silk pocket and cap, and a very neat evening gown. He also brought for Mrs. Richards a handsome tray and a collection of garden seeds.

The new business of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, is reported to exceed Fifty Million Dollars. This is at the rate of two hundred million tons of assurance for the year, and is unprecedented in the ranks of life assurance.

Mr. George D. Wheatman, a director of the Bank of British North America, spent a few days in Brandon last week and visited Mr. Batt, manager of that institution. He met several of the older men at the Langdon and talked over the future prospects of our city. Mr. Wheatman has travelled across the continent by the American route to Vancouver and is returning east by the C. P. R. He has visited all the branches of the bank in America.

TREE PLANTING.

We have urged on the city council the necessity of doing something toward encouraging tree planting on our public streets. The spring is coming in very favorable for their growth and it is quite time an effort was being made to beautify our city. It will have a great effect in improving the appearance of the city, and will be money well expended. The ash maple is a beautiful tree and one which grows really when given any chance at all. Mr. B. Ford, of the experimental farm has kindly offered to render any assistance he can to secure the planting of trees, and will plant and protect trees on the street in front of the farm if furnished the council. This is a matter which only requires a little effort, not a large expenditure of money, and we hope it will be attended to.

THE HOSPITAL.

The Brandon Mail this week published the first annual report of Standard general hospital which will be of interest to all who are taking part in the work of providing the city with such an institution.

Already there is \$90,000 guaranteed towards the Brandon Hospital building fund and the directors have secured a block west of the main house from the city which will have a cash value of \$100,000 or seven hundred dollars. The balance of the increasing amount of money available should be completed at once and a suitable arrangement made that the finances may be arranged so as to insure the completion of the building during the summer months. The public will be glad to see the progress being made this week.

DROPS.

It is possible that the city council have not the following news in the Brandon Standard, which will account for the number in which they treat the Electric Light Co. as causing the lighting of our city.

The invention of Mr. William J. Norton is likely to be a dangerous rival of the electric light. He has invented a method for the electric light and the best possible lighting facilities would soon be ours. He has organized the city on the excellent men representing him at the Council Board and had great hopes for this, our home city. He hoped the Standard Engineers would get such legislation as would enable them to carry out the object of their Society.

Messrs. Layland & Green then favored the company with a song, and received rounds of applause.

The next host was "The City Council" composed with the names of Mayor Kelly and Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell said that he never attempted to make a speech at a dinner and thought it was the duty of the Mayor on such occasions to speak for the City Council. Mayor Kelly said that the speaker was not his, but he would say on behalf of the council, that he believed they were men who were deeply interested in the prosperity of Brandon and were fully awake to the necessities of pushing forward public improvements. He had always advocated going slow and sure, but now as he saw this enterprise displayed by the citizens in building and improving, he thought the council should go with them and give them every advantage possible. He believed that steps should be taken to beautify our streets by planting shade trees, so that we should have a market and city hall, and that the sewage and water works should be constructed. He hoped the Association of Engineers would succeed in getting the legislature in their required, and would be willing to assist them by petition or any way he could. He was confident that they would succeed, and spoke of the economy of employing men to take charge of our laundry who thoroughly understood their business. In his own business he had the greatest satisfaction in placing the whole care of the steam plant in the hands of a member of the Association and always felt safe, knowing that every thing had that care necessary for safety and economy.

"The Brandon Fire Brigade" was the next host, coupled with the names of Mr. Wissell and Mr. Crouse, who both spoke briefly regarding the working of their particular corps. When they were through the chairman paid them a compliment by saying that although they had both been in their present position for the past four years, he had never heard the slightest fault found with regard to the work done by the Brandon fire brigade.

Mr. Ask was next called on for a song, and excused himself on account of a severe cold. However he gave a short speech in the form words, Safety, Economy, Honesty and Integrity, found as the foundation of the Association. He believed that in old days a large number of young men who were educated as engineers, not to speak of the wear and tear of manhood, in the hands of unskilled and ignorant men.

"The Merchants and Manufacturers" was the next host, coupled with the names of Mr. Christie, Layland & Green, Mr. Christie said he was pleased to be present at the first Anniversary of the Association, and he hoped he would again have the opportunity of meeting with them and that they would be successful in carrying out the objects of the Society, as he was satisfied it was for the general good of the country. He was glad to see the healthy and hearty looks of our friend Thomas in the company, and was glad his residence in such an unhealthy city as Whinipeg was not reducing his size. Thomas declared however he had lost fifteen pounds through homesickness, as he longed for his former Brandon home. He was satisfied the success of this programme was assured, because it was settled throughout with young men of vigor, ambition and enterprise. The cream of the eastern population had come here, while invalids, dyspeptics, cripples and cranks had remained behind to take out an existence in a languid, lingering lethargy. This is a country of hope, and the ozone in the air breathed by men of energy, filled the whole system with life and activity, and although we might not succeed in gaining much wealth, future generations will be benefited and our country will be developed. He believed in free trade or a liberal reciprocity treaty. We had the protection of distance here in Manitoba, and the freight between Portage and Brandon was sufficient

ASSOCIATION STATIONARY ENGINEERS.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER AT THE KELLY HOUSE

protection for the lumber industry. Being close beside the wheat fields and having the advantage of a ready sale for all the oil from the mill, made the milling business profitable. In the manufacture of woollen goods, we had great advantage as abundance of wool could be obtained from the sheep ranches, and a wide market was ready for all goods turned out. Already there is one mill at Rapid City which is doing a prosperous business and I am informed an eastern firm with large capital is willing to locate in our city if favorable terms can be secured. With the Association of Stationary Engineers I have the greatest sympathy, and a better contest has begun.

OTTAWA, April 26.—Enactment over the election to-day is keen. Supporters of each of the three candidates claim to be ahead, and all will poll good votes. There was a foundation for the dispatches sent out yesterday regarding the serious accident to the Canadian Atlantic express. A freight car was off the track which detained the Montreal train a couple of hours.

HAMILTON, April 25.—George Rotman, aged 60, formerly of Hamilton, fell from a tree on the farm of George Chambers and broke his neck.

THUNDERBAY April 25.—Joseph Burkholder, a farmer living near here, was thrown from his wagon yesterday, by his team running away, and instantly killed.

BERLIN, April 25.—The Hamburger Marchichter says Prince Bismarck will not make his appearance in the upper house until political affairs have assumed a normal condition.

WINNIPEG, April 25.—At Carman on Thursday, Fred Starkey was fined \$200 and costs for selling liquor without license. Starkey has appealed to the County Court Judge.

R. McGregor, of Brandon, passed through the city for Ontario yesterday, to purchase cattle for the Tudson ranch. The company will increase the herd this spring by one thousand young heifers.

MONTREAL, April 26.—A few days ago a young Englishman, Thomas Kimber, of Tadoussac, Quebec, disappeared mysteriously from the Grand Central hotel and further revelations only further tend to mystify the police.

DRUMS, April 26.—The Irish railway drivers are assuming a serious phase. Railway service at night is totally suspended.

ASTORIA, April 26.—Stanley and his party paid a visit to this city today and aette was given in his honor.

TORONTO, April 25.—Principal McGregor of McMaster College died yesterday. The Reverend gentleman had been ill since last June. He died in St. Luke's Hospital, New York. He was 43 years old.

SHERBORN, Ont., April 26.—The funeral of former Morrison's three little victims took place yesterday afternoon. Morrison was quite rational to-day and was asked if he wanted to see the bodies of his children before burial. He replied he did, and their coffins containing the bodies were brought to his bedside. He was deeply affected. He remembers nothing of the crime.

ROBBINS, April 26.—The funeral of the Rev. Mr. McEwan is away to Brandon this week.

If the weather keeps good most of the farmers will have their wheat in this week.

Persons wishing to answer any of our questions could oblige us if they would send their answers to us on a post card. Editor College Gazette, Brandon, Manitoba.

The trustees of Chumash school have engaged a gentleman teacher for this summer. He comes from Winnipeg. We hope he will not be overpowered by the change.

We had a visit from Miss Louis Kirk of Scotia yesterday. Their school has not commenced yet owing to their failing to secure the services of a teacher.

FRONTIER, April 26.—From Mr. McKenzie river derive its name.

Where in the United States is there an object that was probably seen by Moses?

Name three towns in Ontario that have a town opposite them on the American side?

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

Who was "Berlin Born"?

Where was Sir John A. McDonald born?

Who is the author of "There is a happy land?"

How old is the Queen and who was her father?

Give the real name of the following author that "Bob"?

What is "Pansy's" right name?

How does the process of choosing a Senator differ from the process of choosing a Representative?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted: The person who took away the swing rope from the school last summer to bring it back or put another in its place.

Where and when were knives and forks first used?

Where and when were the first wheel eddies used?

How many gophers are there to a square mile in Manitoba?

Why are there not more settlers coming to Manitoba this spring?

Which is correct? Three spoonfulls or three spoonfuls or do they both mean the same?

When the Prince of Wales takes the Queen's place will his birthday be kept as a holiday the same as hers is now?

WIT AND WISDOM.

Father: Ah! so you ran away from Sunday School to go skating and broke through the ice did you?

Son: No; I didn't. I fell asleep in church and got locked in.

Father: But, how did you get so wet?

Son: That is from the tears I shed when I awoke up.

Father: Good-bye; I am going away for the winter.

Mr. Whyte: If you find it bring it home with you. (Ontario climate.)

CLOCKS OF ALL KINDS AND EVERY PRICE.

Wedding Rings, Engagement Rings, Earrings, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, Guards, &c.

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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA.

music that was most popular; and when dinner was over their hosts led him to her piano, and he played and sang for them again and again. His voice was soft and sweet, and, though it was uncultivated, he sang with expression and grace, playing with more skill but less feeling and effect than he sang. Music and books had been the solace of lonely years, and he could easily see that he had pleased them with his songs. He went home to the dreary rookery out on Prairie Avenue and laughed at the howling wind. The bare grimy walls and the dim kerosene lamp, even Sam's unadorned shore in the back room, sent no gloom to his soul. It had been a happy evening. It had cost him a hard struggle to restrain the emotion which had felt at times; and when he withdrew, soon after the trumpets sounded tattoo, and the ladies fell to discussing him, as women will there was but one verdict—his manners were perfect.

But the colonel said more than that. He had found him far better read than any other officer of his age he had ever met; and they all and expressed the hope that they might see him frequently. No wonder it was of momentous importance to him. It was the opening to a new life. It meant that here at least he had met soldiers and gentlemen and their fair and gracious wives who had welcomed him to their homes, and, though they must have known that a pall of suspicion and crime had overshadowed his past, they believed either that he was innocent of the grievous charge or that his years of exile and suffering had implied atonement. It was a happy evening indeed to him; but there was gloom at Capt. Rayner's.

The captain himself had gone out soon after tattoo. He found that the parlor was filled with young visitors of both sexes, and he was in no mood for merriment. Miss Travers was being welcomed to the post in genuine army style, and was evidently enjoying it. Mrs. Rayner was flitting nervously in and out of the parlor with a cloud upon her brow, and for once in her life compelled to preserve temporary silence upon the subject uppermost in her thoughts. She had been forbidden to speak of it to her husband; yet she knew he had gone out again with every probability of needing some one to talk about the matter. She could not well broach the topic in the parlor because she was not at all sure how Capt. and Mrs. Gregg of the cavalry would take it; and they were still there. She was a loyal wife; her husband's quarrel was hers and, more, too; and she was a woman of intuition even keener than that which we so readily accord the sex. She knew, and knew well, that a hideous doubt had been preying for a long time in her husband's heart of hearts—and she knew still better that it would crush him to believe it was even suspected by any one else. Right or wrong, the one thing for her to do, she doubted not, was to maintain the original guilt against all comers, and to less opportunity of feeding the flame that consumed Mr. Hayne's record and reputation. He was guilty; he must be guilty; and though she was a Christian according to her view of the case—a pillar of the church in matters of public charity and picture-squeezing conformity to all the rubric called for in the services, and much that it did not—she was unwilling in her condemnation of Mr. Hayne.

To those who pointed out that he had made every atom of man could make she responded with the severity of consciences virtue that there could be no atonement without repentance and remorse without humility. Mr. Hayne's whole attitude was that of stubborn pride and resentment. His atonement was that enforced by the unanimous verdict of his comrades, and even if it were so that he had more than made amends for his crime the rules that held good for ordinary sinners were not applicable to an officer of the army. He must be a man above suspicion, incapable of wrong or fraud, and once stained he was forever ineligible as a gentleman. It was a subject on which she waxed declamatory rather too often, and the youngsters of her own regiment wearied of it. As Mr. Foster once expressed it, in speaking of that very case, "Mrs. Rayner can talk more charity and show less than any woman I know." So long as her talk was aimed against any lurking tendency of those around to look upon Hayne as a possible master, it fell at times on unprejudiced ears, and she was quick to seize it and to cover her hearers—but here was a new phase—one that night roused the latent passions of the Riffers—and she was beginning to strike while the iron was hot. If anything would provoke unmanly of action and sentiment in the regiment, this public recognition by the cavalry, in their very presence, of the man they cast as a criminal was the thing of all others to do, and she meant to head the result.

Forsyth Gregg and his modest helpers discovered that there was something she desired to "spring" upon the meeting. The others present were all of the infantry, and when Capt. Rayner simply glanced in, spoke hurried good evenings, and went as hurriedly out again, Gregg was sure of it and marched his wife away. Then came Mrs. Rayner's opportunity.

"If it were not Capt. Rayner's house, I could not have been even civil to Capt. Gregg. You heard what he said at the club this morning, I suppose?"

In one form or another, indeed, almost everybody had heard. The officers present maintained an embarrassed silence. Miss Travers looked reproachfully at her flushed sister, but to no purpose. At last one of the ladies remarked:

"Well, of course I heard of it, but—I've heard so many different versions. It seems to have grown somewhat since morning."

"It sounds just like him, however," said Mrs. Rayner, "and I made inquiry before speaking of it. He said he meant to invite Mr. Hayne to his house tomorrow evening, and if the infantry didn't like it they could stay away."

"Well, now, Mrs. Rayner," protested Mr. Foster, "for one none of us heard what he said exactly, but it is my experience that no conversation was effect-

peated without being exaggerated, and I've known old Gregg for ever so long, and never heard him say a sharp thing yet. Why, he's the mildest mannered fellow in the whole—th cavalry. He would never get into such a snarl as that would bring about him in five minutes."

"Well, he said he would do just as the colonel did, anyway—we have that straight from cavalry authority—and we all know what the colonel has done. He has chosen to honor Mr. Hayne in the presence of the officers who denounce him, and practically defies the opinion of the Riffers."

"But, Mrs. Rayner, I did not understand Gregg's remarks to be what you say, exactly. Blake told me that when asked by somebody whether he was going to call on Mr. Hayne, Gregg simply replied he didn't know—he would ask the colonel."

"Very well. That means he proposes to be guided by the colonel, or nothing at all; and Capt. Gregg is simply doing what the others will do. They say to us in many words: 'We prefer the society of your betters, more to your own.' That's the way I look at it," said Mrs. Rayner, in deep exasperation.

It was evident that, though none were prepared to endorse so extreme a view, there was a strong feeling that the colonel had put an affront upon the Riffers by his open welcome to Mr. Hayne. He had been exacting before, and had caused the good deal of growling among the women. They were ready to find fault, and here was strong provocation. Mr. Foster was a youth of unfortunate and unpopular propensities. He should have held his tongue instead of striving to stem the tide.

"I don't uphold Hayne any more than you do, Mrs. Rayner, but it seems to me this is a case where the colonel has to make some acknowledgement of Mr. Hayne's conduct."

"Very good. Let him write him a letter, then, thanking him in the name of his regiment, but don't pick him up like this in the face of ours," interrupted one of the juniors, who was seated near Miss Travers. It was a strict of policy: Mrs. Rayner had a hard time to breakfast, and there was a chance of approbation.

"Well, hold on a moment," said Foster. "Hasn't the colonel had every one of us to dinner more or less frequently?"

"Admitted. But what's to do with it?"

"Hasn't he invariably invited each officer to dine with him in every case where an officer has arrived?"

"Granted. But what then?"

"If he broke the rule of precedent in Mr. Hayne's case, would he not practically be saying that he endorsed the views of the court martial as opposed to those of the department commander, Gen. Sherman, the secretary of war, the president of the United States?"

"Oh, make out your transfer papers, Foster. You ought to be in the cavalry or some other disputes branch of the service," burst in Mr. Graham.

"I declare, Mr. Foster, I never thought you would abandon your colors," said Mrs. Rayner.

"I haven't madam, and you're no right to say so," said Foster indignantly. "I simply hold that any attempt to work up a regimental row out of this thing will make bad infinitely worse, and I deplore the whole business."

"I suppose you mean to intimate that Capt. Rayner's position and that of the regiment is bad—all wrong—that Mr. Hayne has been persecuted," said Mrs. Rayner, with trembling lips and cheeks alight.

"Mrs. Rayner, you are unjust," said poor Foster. "I ought not to have undertaken to explain or defend the colonel's act, perhaps, but I am not disloyal to my regiment or my colors, what I want is to prevent further trouble; and I know that anything like a concerted resentment of the colonel's invitation will lead to infinite harm."

"You may cringe and bow and bear it if you choose; you may humble yourself to such a piece of insolence, but rest assured there are plenty of men and women in the Riffers who won't bear it. Mr. Foster, and for one I won't." She had risen to her full height, and her eyes were blazing. "For his own sake I trust the colonel will omit our names from the next entertainment he gives, Nellie shan't."

"Oh, think, Mrs. Rayner," interrupted one of the ladies, "they must give her a dinner or a reception."

"Indeed they shall not! I refuse to enter the door of people who have insulted my husband as they have."

"Hush! Listen," said Mr. Graham, springing toward the door.

There was wondering silence an instant.

"It is nothing but the trumpet sounding taps," said Mrs. Rayner, hurriedly.

But even as she spoke they rose to their feet. Muffled cries were heard, borne in the night wind—a shot, then another, down in the valley—the quick peal of the cavalry trumpet.

"It isn't taps. It's fire!" shouted Graham from the doorway. "Come on!"

CHAPTER V.



A LITTLE GIRL KNEELING SORRY AND TEARFUL.

a dozen little shanties and log houses, the homes of the laundresses of the garrison and collectively known as Sudsville, was a mass of flames. There was a rush of officers across the parade, and the men answering the alarm of the trumpet and the shots and shouts of the sentries, came tearing from their quarters and plunging down the hill. Among the first on the spot came the young men who were of the party at Capt. Rayner's, and Mr. Graham was one of them all. It was plain to the most inexperienced that there was hardly anything left to save in or about the burning shanty. All efforts must be directed toward preventing the spread of the flames to these adjoining. Half-clad women and children were rushing about, shrieking with fright and excitement, and a few men were engaged in dragging household goods and furniture from those tenements not yet reached by the flames. Fire apparatus seemed to be none, though squads of men speedily appeared with ladders, axes and buckets, brought from different company quarters, and the arriving soldiers quickly formed the bucket lines, and water dipped from the icy creek began to fly from hand to hand. Before anything like this was fairly under way, a scene of semi-tragedy, semi-comic intensity had been enacted in the presence of a large gathering audience. "It was worth more than the price of admission to hear Black-bell tell it afterwards," said the officers later.

A tall, angular woman, frantic with excitement and terror, was dashing about in the broad glare of the burning hut, tearing her hair, making wild rushes at the flames from time to time as though intent on dragging out some prized object that was being consumed before her eyes, and all the time keeping up a volley of imprecations and abuse in Irish. Hibernian, apparently directed at a covering object who sat in limp helplessness upon a little heap of firewood, swaying from side to side and moaning stupidly through the scorched and grimy hands in which his face was hidden. His clothing was still smoking in places; his hair and beard were singed to the roots; he was evidently seriously injured, and the sympathizing soldiers who had gathered around him after dredging him with snow and water were striving to get him to arise and go with them to the hospital. A little girl, not ten years old, knelt sobbing and singing, and the soldiers had thrown rough blankets about her; but it was for her father that she seemed to be most concerned. She longed to catch him and hold him; she longed to tell him that she was striving to prevent Mr. Hayne's ever hearing the truth: "She longed to know more and solve the riddle once and for all."

Nellie Travers stood in her room stunned and bewildered, yet trying hard to recall and put together all the scattered stories and rumors that had reached her about the strange conduct of Clancy after he was taken to the hospital—especially about his heart-broken wail when that was it. Lieut. Hayne who had rescued him and little Kate from hideous death. Somewhere, somehow, this man was connected with the mystery which encircled the long-hidden truth in Hayne's trouble. Could it be possible that he did not realize it, and that her sister had discovered it? Could it be—oh, heaven help us!—that he was that drunkard who had gathered around him after dredging him with snow and water were striving to get him to arise and go with them to the hospital. A little girl, not ten years old, knelt sobbing and singing, and the soldiers had thrown rough blankets about her; but it was for her father that she seemed to be most concerned. She longed to catch him and hold him; she longed to tell him that she was striving to prevent Mr. Hayne's ever hearing the truth: "She longed to know more and solve the riddle once and for all."

They were still earnestly talking together down in the dining-room but she could not listen. Kate knew her so well that she had not closed the door leading into the hall, though both she and the laundress of Company B had lowered their voices. It was disgraceful at best, thought Miss Travers, it was beneath her sister, that she should hold any private conversation with a woman of that class. Confidence with such were contamination. She half determined to dash down stairs and put an end to it, but was saved the scene: fresh young voices, hearty ringing tones, and the stamp of heavy boot heels were heard at the door; and as Rayner entered, ushering in Royce and Graham, Mrs. Rayner and the laundress fled once more and solve the riddle once and for all.

All this time, never pausing for breath, shrieking anathemas on her drunken spouse, reproaches on her frightened child, and invocations to all the blessed saints in heaven to reward the gentleman who had saved her husband's money—a smoking packet that she begged to her breast—Mrs. Clancy, the savior laundress of Company B, as she had long styled herself, was prancing up and down through the gathering crowd, her shrill voice overmastering all other clamor. The vigorous efforts of the men, directed by cool headed officers, soon beat back the flames that were threatening the neighboring shanties and leveled to the ground what remained of Private Clancy's home. The fire was extinguished almost as rapidly as it began, but the current of Mrs. Clancy's eloquence was still unstemmed. The adjurations of sympathetic sisters to "Howd yer whiz," the authoritative admonition of some old sergeant to "Stop your infernal noise," and the half-maddening yet appealing glances of her suffering lord, were all insufficient to check her.

It was not until the quiet tones of the colonel were heard that she began to cool down: "We've had enough of this, Mrs. Clancy; be still, now, or we'll have to send you to the hospital in the cool cart." Mrs. Clancy knew that the colonel was a man of few words, and believed him to be one of less sentiment. She was afraid of him, and concluded it time to cease threats and abuse and come down to the more effective role of wronged and suffering womanhood—a feat which she accomplished with the consummate ease of long practice, for the rows in the Clancy household were matters of garrison notoriety. The surgeon, too, had come and, after quick examination of Clancy's condition, had directed him to be taken at once to the hospital; and thither his little daughter insisted on following him, despite the efforts of some of the women to detain her and dress her properly.

"She was worried about her husband—he's drinking so much—and came to consult me."

" Didn't you?"

"I wasn't thinking of her at all."

"What did you think then?" half defantly, yet trembling and growing white.

"I thought strange that you should be talking with her in such a way."

"She was worried about her husband—he's drinking so much—and came to consult me."

"Why, should she—and you—show such consternation at his connection with the name of Mr. Hayne?"

"Nellie, that matter is one you know I cannot bear to talk of." ("Very recently," thought the younger.) "You once asked me to tell you what Mr. Hayne's crime had been, and I answered that until you could hear the whole story you could not understand the matter at all. We are both worried about Clancy. He is not himself; he is wild and imaginative when he's drinking. He has some strange fancies since the fire, and he thinks he ought to do something to help the officer because he helped him, and his head is full of Police Gazette stories, utterly without foundation, and he thinks he can tell who the real culprits were, or something of that kind. It is utter nonsense. I have investigated the whole thing—heard the whole story. It is the trashiest, most impossible thing you ever dreamed of, and would only make fearful trouble if Mr. Hayne got hold of it."

"Why?"

"Why? Because he is naturally vengeful and embittered, and he would seize on any pretext to make an unpleasant for the officers who brought about his trial."

"It might, if there was a word of truth in it; but it is the mandrin dream of a liquor maddened brain. Mrs. Clancy and I both know that he says is utterly impossible. Indeed, he tells no two stories alike."

Down in the valley south of the post a bold glare was already shooting upward and illuminating the sky. One among

the homes of the laundresses of the garrison and collectively known as Sudsville, was a mass of flames. There was a rush of officers across the parade, and the men answering the alarm of the trumpet and the shots and shouts of the sentries, came tearing from their quarters and plunging down the hill. Among the first on the spot came the young men who were of the party at Capt. Rayner's, and Mr. Graham was one of them all. It was plain to the most inexperienced that there was hardly anything left to save in or about the burning shanty. All efforts must be directed toward preventing the spread of the flames to these adjoining. Half-clad women and children were rushing about, shrieking with fright and excitement, and a few men were engaged in dragging household goods and furniture from those tenements not yet reached by the flames. Fire apparatus seemed to be none, though squads of men speedily appeared with ladders, axes and buckets, brought from different company quarters, and the arriving soldiers quickly formed the bucket lines, and water dipped from the icy creek began to fly from hand to hand. Before anything like this was fairly under way, a scene of semi-tragedy, semi-comic intensity had been enacted in the presence of a large gathering audience. "It was worth more than the price of admission to hear Black-bell tell it afterwards," said the officers later.

"He's been drinkin' ever since he got out of hospital, ma'am, an' he's worse than ever about Lootenant Hayne. It's mischief he'll be doin', ma'am: he's crazy like!"

"Mrs. Clancy, you must watch him. You—Hush!"

And here she stopped short, for in astonishment at what she had already heard, and in her instant effort to beat more of what was so evidently not intended for her, Miss Travers hurried from the parlor, the swish of her skirts telling loudly of her presence there. She went again to her room. What could it mean? Why was not proud, imperious Kate holding secret interviews with this coarse and vulgar woman? What concern was it of hers that Clancy should be "worse about" Lootenant Hayne? It could not mean that the mischief he would do, was mischievous to the man who had saved his life and his property. That was out of the question. It could not mean that the poor, broken down, drunken fellow had the means in his power of further harming a man who has already been made to suffer so much. Indeed, Kate's very expression, the very tone in which she spoke, showed a distress of mind that arose from me fear for one whom she hated as she hated Hayne. Her anxiety was personal. It was for her husband and for herself she feared, or woman's tongue never yet revealed a secret.

Nellie Travers stood in her room stunned and bewildered, yet trying hard to recall and put together all the scattered stories and rumors that had reached her about the strange conduct of Clancy after he was taken to the hospital—especially about his heart-broken wail when that was it. Lieut. Hayne who had rescued him and little Kate from hideous death. Somewhere, somehow, this man was connected with the mystery which encircled the long-hidden truth in Hayne's trouble. Could it be possible that he did not realize it, and that her sister had discovered it? Could it be—oh, heaven help us!—that he was that drunkard who had gathered around him after dredging him with snow and water were striving to get him to arise and go with them to the hospital. A little girl, not ten years old, knelt sobbing and singing, and the soldiers had thrown rough blankets about her; but it was for her father that she seemed to be most concerned. She longed to catch him and hold him; she longed to tell him that she was striving to prevent Mr. Hayne's ever hearing the truth: "She longed to know more and solve the riddle once and for all."

They were still earnestly talking together down in the dining-room but she could not listen. Kate knew her so well that she had not closed the door leading into the hall, though both she and the laundress of Company B had lowered their voices. It was disgraceful at best, thought Miss Travers, it was beneath her sister, that she should hold any private conversation with a woman of that class. Confidence with such were contamination. She half determined to dash down stairs and put an end to it, but was saved the scene: fresh young voices, hearty ringing tones, and the stamp of heavy boot heels were heard at the door; and as Rayner entered, ushering in Royce and Graham, Mrs. Rayner and the laundress fled once more and solve the riddle once and for all.

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CREAM OF CURRENT EVENTS

Ableue, Kas., has a lady street car driver. The number of horses in Russia is 20,000,000.

The Comin trial cost Chicago taxpayers \$100,000.

The oldest inhabited town in the world is said to be Bamusus.

Browning's resting place in Westminster abbey is near that of Chancery.

The inventor of the stylographic pen is reported to have made \$1,000,000 out of it.

According to the Herald, there are upward of 10,000 professional beggars in New York city.

A farm near Maeduff, Scotland, has been handed down from father to son for 500 years.

Don Pedro built a lunatic asylum in the sun given by purchasers of titles of nobility.

Explorer Stanley was paid at the rate of \$20,000 a year while he was hunting for Emin Pasha.

Boston enjoys the honor of having introduced the first Turkish bath in America on April 28, 1861.

A society has been formed in England that proposes to educate parents on how to bring up children.

An American spent two years in Belgium, and never saw an umbrella or a waterproof of any sort.

Blackwood's Magazine tells of a factory which makes 5,000,000 tin soldiers yearly out of cardboard cans.

The three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope is to be celebrated at Worcester this year.

Great Britain now buys from foreign countries one-half of the food she eats, and pays for it in manufactures.

A lump of metal pure lead has been taken out of the sun near Japan, Mo. It weighed about 8,000 pounds.

The so-called antique oak keyboard American oak sawed in a peculiar way stinks of turpentine.

Barbed wire fences in England are making fox hunting so dangerous that my lords are forced to give up the sport.

There has been an extraordinary epidemic of measles in the German army of late. In one month 28 officers and themselves.

The gun factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year.

A Chicago man and his wife, who had lost the income by their failed attempt to move to Milwaukee, where they intended to start a business.

The Julius Weissenbacher is the discovery that each man's heart is in the manner of his activity as the eighth century.

That formation of hard skin on the hands which sometimes occurs can often be relieved by rubbing in lanoline, or woolfat, with pure soap.

The latest London wrinkle in the way of insurance is a scheme to insure men and burglar-proof articles specially insured, like jewelry and plate, cost extra.

Some of the cable companies have decided to deliver in stores in typewriting, the clerks who takes them off the wires using the typewriter instead of the pencil.

There is a small display label on the package, as well as those having an American label, are nearly all of a quite all, manufactured in Birmingham, Eng.

A power of 2,000,000 of man for cavalry material has lately been held in the United States, and the total capital in the business exceeds \$20,000,000.

New York has a pawnshop elegantly fitted up, hand wood, brass, etc. The unique feature, however, is a handsome large safe-clock, which grinds out music half day long.

An officer of one of the accident insurance companies, who says that the reason that a freight foreman in the U. S. Army stands one chance in three of being killed within a year.

Taverns may be opened to the thirtieth century, according to Spelman in the reign of King Edward III., only three taverns were allowed in London. Taverns were licensed in England in 1372.

For charged lips, dasi-bee balsam is in a small quantity of oil sold by her, may naturally apply the salve two or three times a day and avoid getting the lips as much as possible.

The salve has been very much heralded by the Brazilian government, and in concert with the distributed large sum of money among the garrisons, and Turkish army, etc., paid off as soon as possible.

The Sandusky leather pipe is made of virgin leather, lined with indiarubber and is the best of the pattern, the cork made by the insects that feed on the trees. It is delicate, but work.

An old soldier, who says he was born on the wave and has gone around the world five times, was seized with a deathly spell of sickness in Philadelphia, while riding in one of the Market street cable cars.

A Pittsburgh man has enlightened a street car company as to the impropriety of permitting conductors to push passengers off the cars. The enlightened carmen in the form of a resolution, passed against the company for \$1,000.

The Hungarians are trying to make their country a safe harbor for refugees, as to their own miseries, and the Hungarian press recently engaged in a campaign against the rule of berlanga.

A town councilman in Horitz, Bohemia, has been sent to jail for two months because he refused to rise with his fellow members, as a mark of respect, when the mayor read a resolution deploring the death of the crown prince.

Electric incandescent lamps are now used in the dark rooms of photographers, and in order to render the light more intense, a small quantity of the bulb is held before the painted surface with a mixture of the red "tin-oxide" in negative varnish. The lower the current the redder the light from an incandescent lamp is, and hence the less need is there for the paint.

A Famous Scout's Story.

Bledie, the famous Montana scout, who recently died, was as intrepid as he was fortunate in his career as a hunter. One time at Miles City he came out of the deserted saloon to find himself within twenty yards of the murderer. He immediately seized the hand of a soldier, sat down on whose seat the deputy marshal had sat when camped.

"I am going to blow the impudent out of your skull, you vigilante bound," quoth the bad man.

"Not with that thing," said "X" (the scout's pseudonym) in a conversational but semi-querulous tone. "It ain't cocked."

He had just thrown the pistol to see if Bludie was right, and made the mistake of a life which ended right there.—See Pauline.

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"Jobol—Well, what if it?"

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OPENING OF
SPRING & SUMMER
CAMPAIGN,AT—
PAISLEY & MORTON'S
CIDIARMID'S BLOCK,
BRANDON, MAN.

With Plies of NEW GOODS, at Prices so Low that Customers forget the hard times, a little money buys lots of Goods at our Store.

NEW DRESS GOODS, in Latest Styles, and New Trimmings to match.

SATEENS, CHAMBRAYS, GING HAMS, FLANNELETTES, SEER-SUCKERS and PRINTS, in great variety.

WHITE COTTONS, LAWNS, MUSLINS, EMBROIDERS and NEW POINT LACES.

Art and other Muslins for Window Drapes.

IN READY-MADE CLOTHING

we are offering MEN'S SUITS as Low as \$5.50, Great Value. BOYS SUITS from \$2.00 and upwards. Men's Spring OVERCOATS, fine assortment.

NEW TIES, NEW SHIRTS, NEW COLLARS.

A Grand Display in HATS in Latest Styles and Colors for Ladies, Gents and Boys. Soft Crushed HATS, Stiff HATS, The English Unbreakable HATS, at all prices. With complete Stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Samples and price lists mailed on application.

Customers in the City, who may not find it convenient to do their shopping in person will when desired, be waited upon at their homes with a complete set of Samples.

As this is the Close of our first Season in the New Store, we take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their kind and liberal Patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and promise that every effort on our part, shall be made to please.

Paisley & Morton

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections of Dominion Lands in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, executive \$25 which have not been homesteaded, or otherwise disposed of, may be homesteaded for any person who is the sole head of a family, and who has not over eighteen years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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INFORMATION.

Full information respecting the land, timber, and mineral laws, and cases of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion Lands, may be had from the Royal Canadian Surveyor, 20th Street, between King and Main Streets, Brandon, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

A. M. BURGESS,
Dept. Min. of the Interior.

GOOD BOARD and Lodging, comfortable accommodations in a large house for farmers furnishing their own food, also available.

Jobol—Well, what if it?

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BRANDON HOUSE
RE-OPENED.

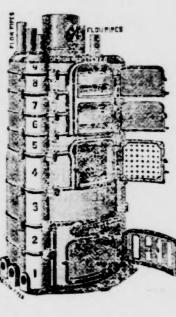
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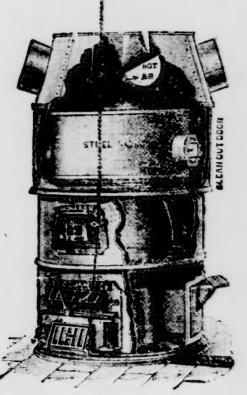
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E. R. STORY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
STOVES, TINWARE, ROOFING AND EAVE TROUGHS,
COR. TENTH ST. & ROSSER AVE, BRANDON, MAN.

I am prepared to Contract or Give Estimates for Heating or Ventilation of Buildings of Every Description, either with Hot Water Circulation or Hot Air.



The Gurney Hot-water Boiler.



The Gurney Monarch Hot-Air Furnace.



IN STOVES
I Defy Competition
in any Line.

JOBMING DEPARTMENT.

My facilities for Jobbing such as Roofing, Eave Troughing, and General Repairing, are unexcelled. Employ the best of Workmen, and can guarantee my work the best that close and careful attention, with the Best Stock and Labor, can produce.

MY STOCK OF

Tinware & House Furnishing

Needs no comment. Every person knows that I keep the best and Largest Stock West of Winnipeg.

E. R. STORY.

The Western Agency

KIRCHHOFFER BROS.,

Agents for the sale of

C. P. R. LANDS,
HUDSON'S BAY CO. LANDS,
IMPROVED FARMS,
WILD LANDS,
TOWN LOTS

in the thriving Town of

SOURIS, (Pine Creek), for both C.P.R. and Private Parties. LAND is still

cheap in the

PLUM CREEK SETTLEMENT.

THE GARDEN of MANITOBA.

TWO RAILWAYS running through the

settlement.

Buy before the price goes up!

MONEY!!

Head Office of the

IMPERIAL LOAN COMPANY.

Law Offices at Brandon and Souris.

If you want to buy C.P.R. or Hudson's Bay Lands

ANYWHERE

in Western Manitoba, apply either per

sonally or by letter to

R. C. KIRCHHOFFER, J. N. KIRCHHOFFER,
SOURIS, BRANDON.

WANTED

10 Rent or Purchase small house about 400

square feet, 36 to 38, 1/2 miles south

of Brandon or 1 mile from Wawaconia on

the Assiniboine and 20 miles from Brandon

and 20 miles from the Lake Superior, 20 acres

timbered, 100 ft. from the Assiniboine, 100 ft.

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NORTHWEST NEWS.

Norman McLennan was brought again before Mr. Justice Wetmore on Monday on the charge of obtaining a suit of clothes under false pretences, but the crown prosecutor was unable to submit sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction, and the prisoner was discharged. — (Moosomin Courier.)

Sergeant Keenan, of Alameda, was in Moosomin on Wednesday with three prisoners, Matt and Watts from Bessarabia and Whiting from Workman, all charged with stealing wheat, and committed for trial at Cannington on the 13th ult.

J. Hewgill, Esq., of Moosomin, was at Brandon on Monday week at the institution of a Masonic Lodge. The Lodge has adopted the name Wa-pa-en-ung, or, in other words, "Star of the East." Mr. Hewgill reports the school there to be in a flourishing condition.

We regret this week to have to announce the death, after a short illness, of R. Daniels Strong, Esq., B.A., Crown Prosecutor at Qu'Appelle, and late of the supreme court, London, Eng. The death occurred on Tuesday morning last week, the funeral on Wednesday. Mr. Strong was one of the ablest lawyers in the North-West, and he will be deeply regretted by all the legal fraternity.

Two horses belonging to B. Hollingsworth got on the C.P.R. track on Friday night, about two miles east of Oak Lake. A passing train killed one outright, the other had one of its legs badly broken. J. Horsman, J.P., ordered it to be shot next day to put the creature out of misery. The question remains, is the Company liable for damages, as the owner had no land near where the horses were killed?

John Doherty, who lives north of Griswold, had his stable, out-houses and about 20 tons of hay consumed on Thursday, caused by a prairie fire.

Warden citizens are taking steps to have the place incorporated as a village.

Arrived at Binsbush last week on a charge of breaking into and stealing goats from the residence of Mr. E. W. Eddy last new year's day, Arthur Green was brought up before Inspector Constantine on Tuesday and committed for trial.

Mr. Parsons of Birtle, who stayed in Moosomin for two or three days last week left Wednesday morning for British Columbia. He had with him four pedigree imported horses which he will dispose of in the West. These horses were as fine a lot as has been seen around here. Two were geldings, one a suffolk punch, and the fourth a coach horse.

The Territorial dentists held their first annual meeting at Regina on the 1st and 2nd July.

Messrs. W. A. Allen, of Ottawa, Henry Lejeune, J. H. Sceraton, A. F. Eaton and H. Archibald, of Winnipeg, have been incorporated by letters patent as the Crookfoot Coal Company, Limited, with a capital of \$250,000.

A social in aid of repairs to the Presbyterian church, Wab-ley, will be held on Wednesday, May 7th, 1903. Tea will be served in the church hall, from 6 to 7.30 p.m., after which an interesting musical and literary programme will be executed in the church. Rev. Mr. Robson, of Fort Qu'Appelle, formerly pastor of the congregation, is expected to be present and take part in the proceedings.

Mr. Wm. Bitterer has brought to Pilot Butte the plans required for the manufacture of pottery, which he will engage in at that place.

Mr. Alex. Gordon arrived here yesterday afternoon from the Arrow River settlement some distance north of Virden, having driven the entire distance in about three days. The only trouble he had on the journey was in crossing the Souris near Wanawasee, where he was left in the middle of the stream with his back-board while the horse made his way to the opposite bank. After a cold dip and considerable trouble the ship-wrecked traveler finally reached terra firma again, and continued his journey. He intends remaining in Manitoba during the summer and will at once commence preparations for the erection of Mr. B. Ironside's fine new residence on the corner of Fuller and Hamilton Streets. — (Manitoban Mercury.)

The Manitoban Mercury says: — It will be remembered that sometime ago an Indian shot and killed a valuable horse belonging to Jerry Rondeau of St. Leon. After committing the deed the Indian succeeded in making his escape, and in order to get some recompence for the loss of his horse, a petition containing the names of 150 residents of the district was forwarded to Ottawa. In consequence of this matter Indian Agent Old-tree, of Portage la Prairie, visited the Swan Lake Reserve last week to make investigations, and from strict enquiry learned that the Indian had skipped across the boundary and joined the tribe to which he belonged in Minnesota. We believe some correspondence has taken place with the U.S. authorities in regard to the payment of Rondeau's claim, but the probabilities are that he will never receive any financial recognition for the loss he has sustained.

The Sewell property, Ingersoll Ave., Woodstock, has been sold to Mr. D. W. Cumming, formerly of Birtle, Man., for \$25,775. Mr. Cumming has decided to settle in Woodstock. — Free Press.

The Free Press says: — Mr. Williams, Manager of the Saskatchewan Brick and Pottery Company, Rapid City, has been instructed by Messrs. Bourke & Cass, contractors, to submit samples of tiles for door of the new Northern Pacific & Manitoba hotel in Winnipeg.

Over 160 people have signed the temperance pledge in Minnesota at the temperance revival meetings.

The government, for convenience of prompt distribution, has placed a few cars of prize prairie two-row barley, just arrived from England, with the Steele Bros. Company, of Toronto, who are prepared to ship it promptly, freight prepaid, to all who remit to them \$4 per bag. Each bag contains 112 pounds, and purchasers can obtain any number of bags required. Address, "The Steele Bros. Co., Toronto." — (Empire, April 17th.)

LORD BROUGHAM'S WIG.

What Became of the Great Lord Chancellor's Gift to Charles Sumner.

In these times, when we keep so many relics of the by-gone days and present, with almost sacred care, every souvenir of some departed figure of history, it is curious to look back and note how little importance was attached, even in times just before the War, to articles which would now have incomparable historic interest. In this connection, the following bit of information from a former librarian of the Harvard Law School is of interest. It seems that when Mr. Sumner was in London in 1829 he became well acquainted with Lord Brougham, the great English statesman, who was then some 60 years old. Lord Brougham, on his part, conceived a great liking for Mr. Sumner, and when they parted he gave him his wig which he had worn when presiding in the House of Peers. Mr. Sumner accepted it with the idea of presenting it to the Harvard Law School as a curiosity, and at the time he wrote in regard to the matter to George S. Hilliard, the historian:

"Lord Brougham has given me his full-bottom Lord Chancellor's wig, in which he made his great speech on the Reform bill. Such a wig costs twelve guineas, and then the association of it! In America it would be like Babes' wig."

When Mr. Sumner came back to America he gave the wig to the law school and also in it which to preserve it. For some unaccountable reason care was not taken of it; in fact it was allowed to lie around the old law school, Dame Hall, and its associations were apparently entirely forgotten. The Hon. George S. Hale says that he found a fine old wig there one day, and not knowing where it came from or whom it belonged to, used it for some private theatricals in Boston. Even the most democratic of Americans would hold up his hands in holy horror to know that the wig of the great Lord Brougham was so desecrated! Finally, at any rate, it appears that the wig was thrown into the cellar of Dame Hall by some careless junior. There it lay for many years until the Harvard Co-operative Society, which now occupies the building, took possession of the hall. About this time the workmen were filling in Holmes Field for a new athletic ground, and a heap of rubbish was taken from the cellar of the old law school and buried in Holmes Field. There is little doubt that Lord Brougham's wig was thrown in with this mass of debris and that now this—among the last remembrances of one of England's greatest statesmen—lies within a few feet of the spot where the college boys stand and hear the athletes of fair Harvard on to victory. — Boston Advertiser.

From an Editor's Note Book.

Out of the harvest of manuscripts that come to an editor's desk, it is usually his laborious duty to select the wheat. For the present let me be assisted with a few authentic specimens of the chaff. If by chance they fall on the floor from which they spring, let it be known that their names are upon no black list, but indeed that they are remembered at all, and that it is something to rise above the mass whose works, with their names, perish.

The prince of blunderers was he who described a thrilling adventure, and brought his narrative almost to a climax with the assertion: "My breath came in short pants." Spirit of Anthony Comstock, has modesty come to this?

Sometimes the lines of a sentence are sound enough, but the joints are loose; for example: "Dogs and cats are very partial to butter, as well as human beings."

The eccentricities of spelling are beyond number. Perhaps none has never been done in a limited space than here: "They were very stricken on these weekly days." Mild in comparison are "midnite," "shear" [sic], and with extreme frequency, "willage." In one narrative a "weakly mother" has figured in sooth, a modern Beowulf.

Another author, with visions of the hereafter, describes the heraldic "masses of raving black hair."

On a later page by the same hand appears, a female figure, down which flowed a beautiful act of hair. If the sibylline sisters could tassel out this writer his fortune as an advertising agent might be made.

Let no one, after reading these lines, attempt Shakespeare without a familiar Quotations.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

No matter how we may roughhouse the outside...

A single instance will show you, that a danger lurks for the untutored Yankee in foreign tongues: "G—V— was a brilliant society man, and had been the idol of the dilettante of two continents."

These examples of what the ambitious illiterate can do might be indefinitely. If one might draw from the sacred treasures of verse and the confidence of letters, strange things would see the light.

Songs of death and bereavement are distinctly the favorites, but the pathetic in incompetent hands is so often ludicrous that for every reason it is best that the waste-basket should not give up its dead.

The letters accompanying manuscripts reveal a curious sampling of the desire for fame and for money, and the fear of detection as an author by friends and fellow-townsmen. It has been said that only an editor can estimate the number of fools in the world, and perhaps the man that said so was right.

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